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THE FORTUNATE ISLES.

You sail and you seek for the Fortunate Isles,
The old Greek Isles of the yellow-birds' song!
Then steer straight on through the watery miles,
Straight on, straight on, and you can't go wrong.

Nay not to the left, nay not to the right,
But on, straight on, and the Isles are in sight.
The Fortunate Isles where the yellow-birds sing
And life lies girt with a golden ring.

These Fortunate Isles they are not so far,
They lie within reach of the lowliest door,
You can see them gleam by the twilight star;
You can hear them sing by the moon's white shore—

Nay, never look back! Those leveled gravestones
They were landing steps; they were steps unto thrones
Of glory for souls that have sailed before,
And have set white feet on the fortunate shore.

And what are the names of the Fortunate Isles?
Why, Duty and Love and a large content.
Lo, these are the Isles of the watery miles,
That God let down from the firmament.

Lo, Duty and Love, and a true man's trust;
Your forehead to God and your feet in the dust;
Lo, Duty and Love, and a sweet babe's smiles,
And these, oh, friend, are the Fortunate Isles.

—*Joaquin Miller, in Chicago Current.*

"SOL."---A PROBLEM.

CHAPTER I.—ELIMINATION.

It seems to be an essentially masculine notion, the world over, that the female intellect is incapable of solving a problem, save of the simplest order. The question in Mr. Haines Leavenworth's mind, on a certain lovely summer afternoon, was as to the possibility of Miss Ida Northrup's solving the problem of existence without himself as a chief factor.

It was very evident that the young lady had made up her mind on that point. With a partly sympathetic, partly inexorable, facial expression, she industriously drew the threads of an open-work linen "tidy," as she rocked lightly back and forth, on the porch of an old-fashioned farmhouse whose owners did not object to city boarders as a source of revenue.

Mr. Haines Leavenworth stood by a wooden pillar, in the act of taking leave (a very long, drawn-out process, in this instance), and pulled nervously at the clusters of honeysuckle, while his eyes rested with a bewildered, reproachful expression on the smoothly-braided brown hair, dark gray eyes, and symmetrical features of the lady before him.

"I—I trust you will never have occasion to regret your decision," he stammered, growing red and pale by turns, and suddenly becoming conscious that he had said a hopelessly idiotic thing.

Miss Northrup's handsome eyebrows showed an infinitesimal degree of elevation as she dextrously tied some knots in the fringe of her tidy. Haines Leavenworth was rich. His father was a judge, his mother's grandmother had been a Knickerbocker; what more could any sensible girl require?

If Miss Northrup chose to put that interpretation on his confused words, it was useless to explain. He pressed his hat down over his crimsoned forehead, put out his cold, trembling hand, and with the faint touch of the lady's rosy fingertips to bear him impalpable companionship on "the arid pathway of his future," as he insisted on calling it, he passed out of Eden.

Miss Northrup watched his retreating figure with curious emotions. She felt sorry for "the arid pathway of his future," as far as it went, feeling morally sure that some new divinity would in time cause it to rejoice and blossom. For a possible judicial father-in-law, and a Knickerbocker mamma, she suffered no fleeting pangs of regret. As to money, she had enough for her own moderate desires.

Still, he had been an agreeable, flavoring element in her summer; he had relieved loneliness, and brought the latest magazines to the intellectually barren farmhouse, had given her pleasant moonlight rides on the lovely river; in short, he had behaved like a perfect gentleman.

But he had touched no deep chord, aroused no passion. Was she to blame that he had misconstrued her gratitude, her natural pleasure in his refined, courteous ways.

Oh, dear! It was all a vexing, perplexing muddle! Miss Ida breathed a little half-guilty sigh, folded her work, and went into the house, leaving the light rocking-chair to sway back and forth of its own sweet will, until the natural forces (gravitation, retarded velocity, and whatever others were involved) should bring it to a state of rest.

CHAPTER II.—SUBSTITUTION.

Miss Northrup tied on her wide shade-hat, and sauntered along the country road, sketch-book in hand, in the direction opposite to that which her rejected suitor had taken. She was not entirely satisfied with herself, and wanted to do a little "sincere" work as an off-set. An artist-friend had once told her good-naturedly that her sketches showed "power." He did not tell her that the "power" was too thick in some places and too thin in others. She seated herself on the mossy roots of an old tree (artists usually do seat themselves on the roots of old trees when they do sketch in the country), and cast about her for a subject worthy of her pencil. A ruinous old cabin, not fit for a human dwelling, caught her fancy, and she had succeeded in tracing its outlines with a fair degree of accuracy, when a childish scream startled her, and a beautiful little child, about four years old, ran out of the doorway, and almost into Miss Northrup's arms. Her pretty blue eyes were red with weeping, her silken, corn-colored curls tangled, and her face stained with dirt and tears. A ragged gingham apron covered a still more ragged gown, and her little feet were hatless and stockingless.

"Daddy 'ip me! daddy 'ip me!" sobbed the poor little waif, as she clung tremblingly to Ida's skirts.

A red-faced, blowsy man staggered out of the hut, brandishing a billet of wood in his unsteady grasp, and, after looking vainly for the child, his ears filled with drink to hear her suppressed sobs, he uttered an oath, and staggered back into the cabin.

"Be quiet, my poor baby! No one shall hurt you again," said Miss Northrup, soothingly; and, putting up her sketch-book (for the ruined dwelling had lost its picturesqueness, and become hateful in her sight), she took the little creature's hand and hastened back to the farmhouse.

Mrs. Morgan, her landlady, was voluble in explanation.

"Land's sake! It's Lol Reese, old Sol Reese's youngster! He's the shiftlessest, drunkenest old scamp out of State's prison. The poor little creetur's mother died of a broken heart nigh on to two year ago, and old Sol's that tormented ugly he won't let none o' the neighbors do for the child, though, goodness knows, we do all we can, on the sly! She's as pretty a little youngster, when she's clean, as there is anywhere around—if she could only be kep' nice."

"Is there no law to protect her from his drunken fury?" questioned Ida, indignantly. "Why don't the selectmen of the next town do something?"

She had begun to wash the tear-stained face, and to smooth the tangled curls; and Mrs. Morgan paused in her task of slicing cold potatoes for frying, as she answered, with a contemptuous laugh:

"The selectmen are all afraid to meddle with old Sol for fear he'll set their fine houses afire!"

"And meanwhile this poor baby must run the risk of being beaten to death," said Miss Northrup, with flashing eyes. "With a little assistance from you, Mrs. Morgan, I shall take the law into my own hands, selectmen or no selectmen."

After a plentiful supper of bread and milk, Miss Northrup's little charge was robed in an improvised nightgown, made of a dressing-sack with the sleeves turned back, and laid to rest in such a bed as her baby fancy had never been bold enough to picture; while her new-found benefactor started across the fields in company with Mr. Morgan, to interview old Sol.

A few resolute threats on Miss Northrup's part, reinforced by Mr. Morgan with an occasional drawling, "That's so, Sol! You'll get yourself into trouble if the lady takes them bruises into court"—a string of oaths from old Sol, who was almost too drunk to understand what was being done, and the guardianship of Laura Henriette Reese was informally made over to Miss Ida Northrup, who omitted her contemplated temperance lecture, from sheer disgust, and returned to her sleeping charge, thankful that the affair had been so easily managed.

The laws of hereditry troubled her not. She knew, also, that there were laws of eradication and pruning; and as she gazed into those innocent blue eyes that opened at her approach, and smoked the silken curls, the coming days seemed to be full of promise—full of work and worthiness. She had "eliminated" Haines Leavinworth. She had "substituted" Sol.

CHAPTER III.—SOLUTION.

It was a fatal winter in the great city where Ida Northrup lived. The pestilence which broods in filthy courts, and deus of moral and physical uncleanliness, had struck at the strongholds of aristocracy as well; and mourning and desolation were in wealthy homes, where drainage-pipes were defective, and skill, money and devoted love powerless to save.

A young physician with few patients was sitting in his uptown office talking with a college friend, when he received a hasty summons to the house of Miss Ida Northrup, a block or two distant. "Child very ill with the pestilence," the message ran.

His friend started at the name.

"Do you know Miss Northrup, Charley?" he inquired, nervously.

"I have met her at old Dr Willard's," was the young physician's reply. She is intimate with her daughter Mary. I believe she has lately adopted a child—some poor little waif whom she picked up last summer in a farming village.

He went on hurriedly collecting phials and powders, and was donning his street coat, when his friend exclaimed:

"Charley, for old friendship's sake, listen to me a minute, and don't thwart me, I beg of you. It is a matter of life and death with me!"

* * * * * *

When Dr. Bruce entered the room where Ida Northrup's little charge lay stricken with the fever, he was followed by a grave, professional man, wearing green glasses, and a grizzled beard, whom he introduced as a "nurse." Robert Safford. He had providentially met him and brought him along, as it was almost impossible to procure a lady nurse at present, so great was the demand. Miss Northrup was so absorbed in her adopted child, so anxious for the doctor's verdict, that she scarcely noticed the nurse. Ah, could she have known how hungrily the eyes behind the green glasses were regarding her, it would have made her heart beat a trifle more quickly in spite of her pre-occupation!

* * * * * *

The new nurse was a perfect treasure. Such devotion, such swift silent, constant helpfulness, and such iron endurance were seldom witnessed, even among the many brave, self denying workers in that city of the doomed. His unflagging faithfulness had its reward. There came a day when Dr. Bruce pronounced Sol out of danger—and when Ida Northrup bowed her beautiful head, with tears of thankfulness, and held out her hand first to the physician, and then to his noble co-worker, the eyes behind the green glasses blazed with glad triumph, and the grave and quiet nurse sang inwardly the song that Miriam sung.

When the physician had taken his leave, and Miss Northrup had retired to her room for a refreshing sleep after her long anxiety, the nurse watched her from the door of the sick-room, as her slender figure glided along the corridor, and when she was no longer in sight, he picked up a tiny knot of ribbon that had fallen from her dress, and pressed it to his lips again and again. A coming footstep startled him, and he thrust it into his bosom, but the ecstatic smile on his face lingered there until his wearied body sought repose.

* * * * * *

The nurse's duties were over. Sol was convalescent: and her adopted mother had come to settle her account with Mr. Robert Safford. He had been so gentle manly, so refined, so unselfish that she fairly shrank from offering him money. With stammering, faint words, she finally opened the subject, and, to her great relief, found that Mr. Safford took it as a matter of course, thanked her for the money, and wrote a receipt in a thoroughly business-like manner.

"Then there is nothing more to be attended to," remarked Miss Northrup, graciously.

His eyes dwelt upon her face abstractedly. "No—nothing more—to be attended to!" he answered, dreamily, and bent over his little charge to receive her good-by caress.

When he turned to Miss Northrup for a grave, respectful leave-taking, her hand rested in his for a moment, and he detained it in his clasp. He was trembling with his long-suppressed emotion. A strange thrill passed over his companion, and she gazed at him piercingly. Memories of a happy summer floated through her brain—a manly form was at her side, a pleasant voice was still beguiling the vacation days on mountain, road and river. Could it be that the unforgotten presence was beside her now? Ah, "elimination" was not yet complete!

His hand closed more firmly over hers—he drew nearer—raised his other hand, and removed the green glasses and the grizzled beard.

"Ida! Can you forgive me? Have I gained a title to your esteem at last, or forfeited it for ever? Have I given you any reason for taking back the words you spoke the day we parted, 'That you could never love a man who had not at some time performed a noble deed, or fulfilled some high duty?'"

Nearer—nearer came the slender figure—crimson grew the cheeks pale with vigil, pleading grew the lovely eyes filled with remorseful tears.

"It is I alone who need forgiveness. Truly—truly you have shown your allegiance—and the guerdon of knighthood is already yours!"

The Colossus of Rhodes.

The New York *Observer* says that the colossal statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, which will be reared within a few months upon Bedloe's Island in the bay of New York, is sure to be compared with the Colossus of Rhodes oftener than any other work of the kind, ancient or modern. The most authentic accounts make the Colossus of Rhodes to have been seventy cubits or above 105 feet in height, while the figure of M. Bartholdi's Liberty will be 105 feet high, without reckoning the coronet, or 137 feet nine inches from the sole of the foot to the tip of the torch in the outstretched hand, the grand total height of pedestal and statue being about 220 feet. Thus the Colossus of New York will be considerably larger than was the Colossus of Rhodes.

This Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world, was the work of Chares the Lindian, a pupil of the famous Lysippus. There is still extant, however, a Greek epigram of two lines, which attributes the work to Laches, also an inhabitant of Lindus.

The best authorities agree nevertheless that Chares was the architect of the Colossus, and that it was erected in the third century B. C.

A mechanician of the following century, Philo Byzantius, wrote a treatise on the seven wonders of the world, one chapter of which was devoted to the Colossus. He says that the figure was joined together inside by irons and squared stones, the connecting bolts showing Cyclopean blows of the hammer; that after the base of white marble had been laid down the great statue was cast and built up in successive sections until it became "a second son before the world." It took all of twelve years (B. C. 292—280) to complete this great work, and the amount of money expended upon it was three hundred talents, or over three hundred thousand dollars.

About fifty-six years after its erection the Colossus was shaken down by an earthquake, and it was at the same time broken off at the knees.

The Rhodian taste in sculpture inclined to the colossal, for Pliny relates further that Rhodes had more than a hundred other colossal statues, and though they were smaller than the great one, any one of them would have ennobled the place. A few modern authorities suppose the Colossus to have been really restored for a time, but they can show no good foundation for such a belief. It is more probable that the great Colossus lay in ruins for nearly nine hundred years. Then the Saracens obtained possession of Rhodes, and their general, Moawiyah, sold in A. D. 672 the bronze fragments of the prostrate statue to a Jewish merchant, who packed them upon nine hundred camels and carried them away. From the number of camels necessary to remove the bronze, Scaliger calculated its weight at 700,000 pounds.

The popular idea of the Colossus of Rhodes has long been that it stood with legs astride across the entrance of the harbor, holding a light aloft as a pharos, and that ships could pass at full sail between its legs. This idea has been proved false. The main harbor of Rhodes has too wide an entrance to admit of such a posture, but a narrow passage leading into the inner harbor has been suggested by several travelers as the site of the striding statue. The Colossus doubtless stood near the harbor, but not over it in the remarkable position so generally accepted, for no ancient author mentions this position.

Laudanum Drunkards.

While the temperance people are busying themselves about the liquor question it would not be a bad idea for them also to give some attention to the laudanum drunkards, who are now quite numerous, and increasing with alarming rapidity. Druggists who sell the drug to these wretched creatures should be prosecuted to the full extent of the law, which forbids the sale of poison except on the authority of a prescription by a recognized physician. Opium joints, which have of late sprung up like mushrooms, also offer a field for the work of temperance people, who would probably find in such labor a pleasant relief from the monotonous war which they have waged so long against the great bugaboo rum.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Bismarck says that medicine has no progress in 2,000 years. The non-restoration of Otto's top hair has made him a trifle bitter toward medical men.

WISE WORDS.

Good luck must come to those who nobly earn.

It is not the clock with the loudest tick that goes the best.

The best backing a young man can have is a good backbone of his own.

Fine sense and exalted sense are not half so valuable as common sense.

A tart temper, like other acids, is apt to sour whatever it comes in contact with.

Fretting does a great deal of mischief and never yet accomplished anything good."

Purity, sincerity, obedience and self-surrender are the marble steps that lead to the spiritual temple.

Instead of complaining of the thorns among the roses, we should be thankful there are roses among the thorns.

The best comforters in affliction, are those like Job's friends who sat with him three days and 'spake never a word.

He who refuses to do justice to the defenseless will always be found making unreasonable concessions to the powerful.

When life has been well spent, age is a loss of what it can well spare. But the central wisdom, which was old in infancy, is young in four-score years, and dropping off obstructions, leaves in happy subjects the mind purified and wise.

Happiness depends not so much on means and opportunities as on the capacity of using them. And this depends so much on experience and self-control that the probability of happiness in old age is as great, to say the least, as in youth.

Buchanan's Hopeless Love.

Reminiscences of Democratic administrations of years gone by are constantly coming to light, says a Washington letter to the Baltimore *American*. "Right over there," said an old society beau recently, pointing to a brown-stone front near the executive mansion, "lives a woman who might have been mistress of the White House under Democratic rule if she had seen fit to accept the hand of James Buchanan. She comes from a very wealthy Pennsylvania family, and was courted by Mr. Buchanan. Her people wanted her to marry him, but she didn't want to. She loved a poor clergyman, rector of a church in her town; but the family didn't want her to marry him, and so they arranged that he should be quietly transferred to another post, some hundreds or thousands of miles away. This broke up the match and the maiden too, for she went into retirement at once and has married nobody. Neither the banishment of her clergyman nor the elevation of Mr. Buchanan to the presidency could make her change her mind, and she remained and remains single. She is an old, withered and sad woman, living there alone with her widowed sister in that great mansion, with actually more money than they know how to use. They are the richest people in Washington, possibly excepting Mr. Corcoran, and they do nothing with their wealth except to keep up their magnificent establishment and pet a lot of cats and dogs." The lady referred to is the one of whom the story is told that Mr. Corcoran one day sent her a polite note somewhat as follows: "MY DEAR MADAM: I have been for some time thinking of enlarging the Arlington Hotel. If you will state the value of your brown-stone mansion adjoining, I will send the check for the amount." To which she replied: "MY DEAR MR. CORCORAN: I have for some time been thinking of enlarging my flower garden. If you will state the value of the Arlington hotel adjoining, I will send you my check for the amount."

The Battle of Marabia.

"Zuish!" fly a couple of rockets, followed by the sharp bang of a section of howitzers. Eagerly we watch the effect, but the rockets burst upon our own men, and, though the shells have been nicely timed, they seemed to make but little impression. Breaking from cover, the enemy sweeps with an inward curve right and left, his extreme flanks converging toward the opposing angles of our square. Now file firing commences from the front directly assailed, the men having been cautioned to aim. Nearer they swept, horse and foot closing on either flank, but as they came within our zone of fire they butted forward, hit to death. The Nordenfeldts have now got to work, and within a few minutes the leading mob, for it was but that, fell in piles. But fanaticism knows no check. The chosen chiefs of the mahdi were there, followed by their own chosen henchmen. And what gallant men were they? Right up to the cannon's mouth, right up to the rifle muzzle, dauntless they rode, encouraging their followers with the promise of paradise to break our square. Sheik after sheik went down with his banner, although the mahdi had assured each that he was invulnerable, and their faithful but misguided followers fell in circles around their chiefs they blindly followed.—*With Hicks Pasha, in the Soudan.*

Raggles Ahead.

A well-known American lady artist, resident in Rome, relates that while standing one day near the statue of the Apollo Belvedere, she suddenly became aware of the presence of a country woman. The new-comer, a well-to-do looking American woman, introduced herself as Mrs. Raggles, of Missouri, and then asked, "Is this the Apollo Belvedere?" Miss H. testified to the identity of the work, and the tourist then said: "Considered a great statue?" The interrogated lady replied that it was generally thought to be one of the masterpieces of the world. "Manly beauty, and all that sort of thing?" said the lady from the land of the setting sun. "Yes," responded the now amazed artist, "it is said to be one of the noblest representations of the human frame." "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Raggles, closing her Baedeker, and, with arms akimbo, taking a last and earnest look at the marble, "I've seen the Apollo Belvedere and I've seen Raggles, and give me Raggles!"—*Argonaut.*

Seven thousand little girls in the Philadelphia public schools are being taught once a fortnight to sew. The plan is the entering wedge of the industrial system into the Philadelphia public schools.

PACIFIC COAST PEARLS.

FISHING FOR THEM IN THE GULF OF CALIFORNIA.

A Source of Great Wealth—A Company and its Profits—How the Pearls are Found.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* says that about one hundred years ago, Juan Oxio first called attention to the vast source of wealth concealed in the mud which lay at the bottom of the waves of the Gulf of California adjacent to the eastern coast of Lower California. He discovered there immense beds of the pearl oyster and realized great wealth. He fished principally for the black shell (Conchanica,) which is found in great quantities from San Sebastian Bay to the mouth of the Rio Colorado. After his death the industry was followed in a desultory fashion until about 1859. From that time until 1872 it was pursued in a more systematic manner, the trade, however, being practically monopolized by the agents of wealthy European houses, who established themselves on the lower peninsula, and purchased the pearls and shell on the ground as soon as removed from the water. About that time some of the merchants of La Paz discovered that they could deal directly with Paris, London and Hamburg, and save the profits of middlemen, and the agents were, so to speak, starved out. Still the fishing was conducted on the old and time-honored system of using divers trained by long experience to remain perhaps two, or at most three minutes under water.

In 1875 two schooners, each of about 200 tons, one from Australia, the other from England, went to these waters, liberally supplied with diving apparatus, helmets, rubber suits, hose and life lines, and thirteen boats and boats' crews to operate them. With the aid of these appliances they made a clear profit in six months of $125,000. The merchants engaged in the fisheries purchased the diving apparatus from the schooners, and since that time the diver's helmet has driven the unfortunate individuals who, unlike our politicians, made their living by holding their breath, entirely out of the pearl-fishing fields of labor. But the advantages possessed by the pearl fishers of La Paz were advantages which might be shared in common with any other persons who could command the capital necessary to go into the same business. The idea of seeing strangers and aliens come in and scoop up from the bed of the gulf the wealth which they were beginning to regard as their inalienable inheritance was intolerable. But how to avoid it was the question. That conundrum was soon solved by the elevation to the Mexican presidency of General Gonzales. That gentleman was applied to, and by "proper representations" his favorable consideration was secured and given to a plan by which, on the 28th of February, 1884, five concessions were granted to five gentlemen. The concessions give these gentlemen, their associates and assigns the exclusive right and privilege of all shell fisheries in their respective zones for the period of sixteen years, paying therefor a royalty and export daily in full of all claims of the government, amounting to $10 a ton on all shells exported for the first three years, and $15 a ton for the remaining thirteen years.

The holders of these concessions immediately consolidated their interests, as no doubt was the original intention, and dispatched Juan Hidalgo, armed with powers of attorney and all necessary credentials, to obtain the capital necessary to systematically work one of the most gigantic schemes of monopoly which the world has ever seen. Senor Hidalgo's efforts in San Francisco have been successful, and in July last, under the modest title of the Mother-of-Pearl Shell company, a corporation was formed under the laws of California.

As an evidence of the enormous profit to be made by this gigantic scheme, it may be mentioned that for the past two years the yield of the fisheries, conducted with four schooners and twenty boats, has been from $200,000 to $250,000 in pearls, and about nine hundred tons of shell worth from £60 to £70—say £65 per ton, or $292,500, making a gross yield of $542,000 per annum.

The company has now four schooners on the fishing grounds, the Porfirio Diaz, the Adriana, the Consuelo and the Paloma. The fisheries are conducted as follows: Each vessel carries five boats, and each boat carries a crew of six men—a diver, two men to work the air pumps, one at the life line and two at the oars. The vessel having anchored on favorable grounds, the boats put off from the ship's side early in the morning. The diver is lowered and remains on the bottom for two or three hours at a time, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon he has filled his iron basket with from seven hundred to two thousand shells. At that hour the shells are opened by the officers, who remove and retain in safe-keeping the pearls, which are principally what are known as black pearls, of great rarity and value at present. The docks are then cleared up, and the shells consigned to the hold, and work discontinued for the remainder of the day. The pearls and shells are sold in the markets of London, Paris and Hamburg—principally London.

Preparations are being made by the company to send, as soon as possible, a large fleet of vessels equipped with all the improvements in diving apparatus. As a further instance of the enormous powers conferred by the Gonzales government on its favored monopolies, the holder of the concessions are authorized, without any process of law, by force of arms, if necessary, to arrest any person found fishing in the waters of the gulf without a permit or license form Senor Hidalgo or his associates or their assigns, and to seize their vessels and consign them to the Mexican authorities to be dealt with according to the Mexican law, and all custom house officers on the gulf coast have been instructed to recognize the permits and licenses of the holders of concessions with the same effect as if issued from the fountain-head of the government.

One good authority says that the net result of agriculture in the United Kingdom of Great Brittain and Ireland, for the period from 1873 to the beginning of 1884, was a shrinkage of the aggregate capital of the farmers of the British Isles amounting to $367,700,000.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

M. Combe d'Alma, member of the agricultural society of La Gironde, has succeeded in producing illuminating gas by the distillation of the sea pine.

Crocodiles are the only reptiles whose nostrils point in the throat behind the palate, instead of directly into the mouth cavity. This enables the crocodile to drown its victim without drowning itself, for by keeping its snout above the water it can breathe while its mouth is wide open.

Paper from the yucca, a hairy plant found in Arizona, New Mexico and Lower California is becoming popular in Great Britain. It is readily bleached, and has a fibre almost as strong as hemp. It can be manufactured at about the same cost as paper made from mixed cotton and linen rags.

M. Charcot describes a hysterical patient who slept uninterrupted for fifty-four days. The noise of a gong beating violently at her bedside was unperceived, yet she was able to eat and drink, and all the functions connected with nutrition were performed without difficulty. The awakening was spontaneous, and found the patient in good health. She did not know that she had been unconscious for nearly eight weeks.

Experiments indicate that the effect of light upon plant tissues without chlorophyll, such as roots, rhizome, branched plants, and some parasitic plants, is to decrease the intensity of the respiration, more carbonic acid being given off and oxygen absorbed in darkness than in light. The amount of oxygen absorbed is, however, in the same proportion to the carbonic acid given off in light as in darkness.

The use of fire in the preparation of food is peculiar to man, who has been called the "cooking animal." A few of the strictly herbivorous and carnivorous animals have shown a capacity for changing their diet. Thus, the horse and cow may be brought to eat fish and flesh; the sea birds can be habituated to grain; cats are fond of alligator pears, and dogs take naturally to plantain. Certain animals, in passing from the young to the mature state, make a remarkable change of food; thus the tadpole feeds upon vegetable matter, but when it becomes a frog it lives on insects.

It is now believed, says the *Current*, that the denudations of the land do not cover the sea floor further than 300 miles seaward. These deposits are four miles deep in places. Far at sea its surface is covered with very small "shell animals." There is a patch of them in the North Atlantic 1,300 miles long and several hundred miles wide. Their shells finally sink to the bottom and form chalk. In the great abysses of the ocean, however, these shells dissolve before they reach the bottom. Here the only addition to the sea floor is made of wrecks, iceburg washings, dust carried by the wind, pumice from volcanoes, and meteoric stones. The pumice has floated till it became waterlogged. The color of the deep sea floor is red. The accretion is infinitely slow.

The Coca Leaf.

The *Youth's Companion* says: Some time ago we gave our readers a brief sketch of the wonderful power of coca leaves, when chewed like tobacco, to arrest the waste of the system and to keep up its nervous tone and vigor. Dr. Smith, in his "Peru as it is," says: "When used in moderate quantities it increases nervous energy, enlivens the spirits and enables the Indians to bear cold, wet, great bodily exertion and want of food to a surprising degree with apparent ease and impunity."

In 1850 two men buried in a mine eleven days were kept alive by the small amount of coca they had with them. The natives of Peru make a three days' journey over the mountains with no other support, and reach their destination without exhaustion.

The recent discovery that the most difficult surgical operations can be performed on the eye without causing pain, by simply dropping in it a little solution of the active principle of the coca, has given it new interest, and we add the following, gathered from the New York *Medical Record:*

"The leaves resemble those of the tea-plant, and in fact, the active principles—the alkaloids, as they are termed—are essentially the same. The trees grows wild in the mountains of Peru and Bolivia, and is also cultivated in high latitudes. In 1864 the annual product was valued at two and one-half millions of dollars. The leaves are worth in Peru seventy-five cents a pound. They have been used by natives from a remote antiquity. The high esteem in which they were held is seen from the fact that they were among the offerings to their gods, and it was believed that the latter would not be propitious unless the priests chewed the leaves during the ceremonies. It is estimated that thirty million pounds are now annually consumed by eight millions of people, each using two or three ounces a day. It is about twenty five years since the discovery of active principle (the alkaloid) and of the properties of the latter. Its present name, cocaine (pronounced cocoaine), was then given it. It crystalizes in four to six-sided prisms. It unites with acids to form various salts. The salt now used to deaden sensibility is the muriate of cocaine. Like all the alkaloids, it is a poison in large doses, the symptoms being cerebral excitement, complete paralysis of sensibility, tetanic (fixed) spasm, and death. It is thought that theine (the alkaloid of tea) may have the same anæsthetic properties, and be substituted for it. Caffeine—the alkaloid of coffee—is also radically the same."

Alleged Cure for Drunkenness.

It is alleged by one who has been cured of a consuming taste for alcoholic stimulant that a half ounce of ground quassia steeped in a pint of vinegar, a small teaspoonful of the decoction to be drunk in a little water every time the thirst comes on, affords a certain cure. In a few days the liquor craving will have entirely disappeared. This is cheap, simple, and a harmless remedy for a very serious and expensive passion.—*Chicago Tribune.*

At a territorial fair in the Northwest an Indian sent a war bonnet fringed with human scalps as a specimen. He got the [illegible]

IN TIME TO COME.

The flowers are dead that made a summer splendor
By wayside nooks and on the sunny hill,
And with regret these hearts of ours grow tender,
As sometimes all hearts will.

We loved the blossoms, for they helped to brighten
The lives so dark with wearying toil and care,
As hopes and dreams forever help to lighten
The heavy loads we bear.

How like the flowers, whose transient life is ended,
The hopes and dreams are, that for one brief hour,
Make the glad heart a garden bright and splendid
About love's latticed bower.

One little hour of almost perfect pleasure,
A foretaste of the happiness to come,
Then sudden frost—the garden yields its treasure,
And stands in sorrow, dumb.

Oh, listen, heart! The flower may lose its glory
Beneath the touch of frost, but does not die,
In spring it will repeat the old, sweet story
Of God's dear by and bye.

In heaven, if never here, the hopes we cherish—
The flowers of human lives we count as lost,
Will live again. Such beauty cannot perish;
And heaven has no frost.

—*Eben E. Rexford.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Woman's sphere—An apple dumpling. A floury composition—A bread pudding.

Little Bedouin boys are allowed all the dessert they want.

A near-sighted man can be in the best of health and yet look badly.

Its rather a singular thing that if you expect to find coal you must look for it in vein.

There are not many deer in the woods of Pennsylvania this year, and what few there are will die game.

Fashionable walking sticks are very heavy this winter. It will now be simply impossible to tell the dude from the cane.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Alcohol can be produced from the natural gas of Western Pennsylvania. Alcohol, when misapplied, is productive of natural, oratorical gas.—*Hartford Post.*

Victor Hugo, at the age of eighty-three, is building a house and overseeing the work himself, so as to be certain it will stand a lifetime.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Don't fret if you cannot get into society. The oyster is often present at a supper when he would perhaps prefer to be at home in his bed.—*Boston Courier.*

Kate Field says: "Mormon wives are horrible cooks." This is not strange. It is a maxim old as the hills: "Too many cooks spoil the broth."—*Inter-Ocean.*

An old maid in Nashville keeps a parrot which swears, and a monkey which chews tobacco. She says, between the two, she doesn't miss a husband very much.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A lady in Connecticut has a harp three hundred years old, and Johnson says he wants her to come to his boarding house and match it against a piano he hears there every day.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Florence Marryat asks, in a lecture an hour and a half long: "What shall we Women do with our Men?" If Florence would apply to a widow she would get a correct answer inside of five minutes.

"Don't talk to me about Wagner. I was an intimate friend of Rossini, and I admire his music above all other operas." "I think 'William Tell' his best work." "Do you know his 'Barber?'" "No, I always shave myself."

A chicken was killed in Wilkes county, Pa., recently, and three brass buttons and the shell of a pistol cartridge were found in its gizzard. Now we know what has become of the United States army.—*Boston Transcript.*

NAKED TRUTH.

Little drops of printers' ink,
And little type displayed,
Make our merchants princes,
With all their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printers' ink—
"Busts" the man of business,
And sees his credit sink.

—*Bloomington Eye.*

"I'd have you know, sir," said the irate citizen to a man on the street, "that my wife is a high-toned woman, and I won't allow you to say a word against her." "High-toned," replied the other, "I should say she is high toned; you can hear her a mile when she is quarreling with the neighbors."

"Ah, yes," he said, "I love you." "I am not young, John. There is a little gray in my hair, and some younger woman may—" "Never. Ah, my own darling, you remember what the poet says, 'The old is always the best.'" The engagement was suddenly broken off.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, with true pathos, "if my father and my mother stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar, I should feel it my bounden duty as a son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves.—*Argonaut.*

BICYCLE BLISS.

A pleasant ride,
A gutter wide,
A bruised and battered form.
A laughing girl,
With flying curl,
Helps the cycler so forlorn.

A month of calm,
To mend an arm,
His nurse that charming dame
Gay Cupid's dart,
Pierced cycler's heart,
And kindled love's bright flame.

—*New York Journal*

But [illegible] can daily be seen on [illegible]

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